



T H E

Unfortunate MAIDEN.

A Favorite Song of SUSANNAH, as it
was Originally sung at both Theatres
with Alterations and Additions.

'T WAS when the seas were roaring,
With hollow blasts of wind,
A Damsel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclin'd :
Wide o'er the roaring billows,
She cast a wishful look,
Her head was crown'd with willows,
That trembl'd o'er the brook.

Twelve months were gone and over,
And nine long tedious days,
Why didst thou, vent'rous lover,
Why didst thou cross the seas ?
Cease, cease, thou cruel Ocean,
And let my lover rest ;
Ah ! what's thy troubl'd motion,
To that within my breast.

The merchant robb'd of treasure,
Views tempests in despair,
But what's the loss of treasure,
To the losing of my dear :
Should you some coast be laid on,
Where gold and diamonds grow,
You may find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you so.

How can they say that Nature
Hath nothing made in vain,
Why then beneath the water
Do hedious rocks remain !
No eyes these rocks discover,
That's sunk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wand'ring lover,
And leave the maid to weep.

O Neptune ! Neptune ! Neptune !
Why was you then so cross ?
As to agree with Fortune
In this my woeful loss :
Why didst not send thy Triton,
To check the boisterous waves,
That him that I did deat on,
Might find successful days.

All melancholy lying,
She grieved for her dear,
Repaid each blast with sighing,
Each billow with a tear,
When o'er the white waves stooping,
His floating corpse she espy'd,
Then like a lilly drooping,
She bow'd her head and dy'd.

